

The history

Witnesse the processe of your speech: wherein
You told how *Dyomed* a whole weeke by daies,
Did haunt you in the fie'd.

Ane. Health to you valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can thinke or courage execute.

Diom. The one, and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme, and so long helth:
Lul'd when contention, and occasion meete,
By *Ioue* ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuite, and pollicy.

Ane. And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flie,
With his face back-ward, in humane gentlenessse:
Welcome to Troy, now by *Anchises* life,
Welcome indeed: by *Venus* hand I swere:

No man aliue can loue in such a sort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We sympathize, *Ioue* let *Aeneas* liue
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him die:

With euery ioynt a wound and that to morrow-----
Ane. We know each other well?

Diom. We do and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightfull gentle greeting,
The noblest hatefull loue that ere I heard of, what businesse
Lord so earely?

Ane. I was sent for to the King? but why I know not.

Par. His purpose meetes you? twas to bring this Greeke,
To *Calcho's* house, and there to render him:

For the enfried *Antenor* the faire *Cressid*,
Lets haue your company, or if you please,
Hast there before vs. I constantly beleuee,
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)

My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night,
Rouse him and giue him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore:

I feare

of *Troilus* and *Cresseida*.

I feare we shall be much vnwelcome.

Aeneas. That I assure you: *Troilus* had rather Troy were
borne to Greece, then *Cresseid* borne from Troy.

Paris. There is no helpe.
The bitter disposition of the time will haue it so:
On Lord, weele follow you.

Aeneas. Good morrow ail.

Paris. And tell me noble *Diomed*, faith tell me true,
Euen in soule of sound good fellowship,
Who in your thoughts, deterues faire *Helen* best,
My selfe, or *Menelaus*.

Diom. Both alike.
Hee merits well to haue her that doth seeke her,
Not making any scruple of her soyle,
With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not pallating the taste of her dishonour
With such a costly losse of wealth and friends,
He like a puling Cuckold would drinke vp,
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:
You like a lecher out of whorish loynes,
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors,
Both merits poyzd, each weighs nor lesse nor more,
But he as he, the heauier for a whore.

Paris. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Diom. Shees bitter to her country, heare me *Paris*,
For euery faile drop in her bawdy veines,
A Grecians life hath sunke: for euery scruple
Of her contaminated carrion waight,
A Trojan hath beene slaine. Since she could speake,
Shee hath not giuen so many good words breath,
As for her Greekes and Trojans suffred death.

Paris. Faire *Diomed* you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that they desire to buy,
But we in silence hold this vertue well,
Weele not commend, what wee intend to sell. Heere lyes
our way. *Exeunt.* Enter *Troilus* and *Cresseida*.

Troy. Deere, trouble not your selfe, the morne is colde;
H *Cres.*